I know thou dist not, thou art not such a villaine:
Speake, for my heart is full.
*Iag.* I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.
*Em.* But did you euer tell him she was false?
*Iag.* I did.
*Em.* You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Vpon my soule a lie, a wicked lie:
She false with *Cassio*; did you say with *Cassio*?
*Iag.* With *Cassio* mistresse; go to, charme your tongue.
*Em.* I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake;
My Mistresse here lies murdered in her bed.
*All.* Oh heauens forefend.
*Em.* And your reports haue set the murderer on.
*Oth.* Nay, stare not masters, it is true indeed.
*Gra.* Tis a strange truth.
*Mon.* O monstrous act!
*Em.* Villany, villany, villany;
I thinke vpon't, I thinke, I smell a villany;
I thought so then; Ile kill my selfe for griefe,
O villany, villany.
*Iag.* What are you mad? I charge you get you home.
*Em.* Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake;
Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perhaps *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.
*Oth.* Oh, oh, oh. Oth. *falls on the bed.*
*Em.* Nay, lay thee downe, and roare,
For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
*Oth.* O she was foule:
I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopt;
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.
*Gr.* Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure griefe
Shore his old thread in twaine: did he liue now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,





And fall to reprobation.
*Oth.* Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio*, had the act of shame
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confest it:
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With that recognisance and pledge of loue,
Which I first gaue her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchiefe, an antique token
My Father gaue my Mother.
*Em.* O heauen, O heauenly powers.
*Iag.* Come, hold your peace.
*Em.* Twill out, twill out: I hold my peace sir, no,
Ile be in speaking, liberall as the north;
Let heauen, and men, and deuils, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet Ile speake.
*Iag.* Be wise, and get you home.
*Em.* I will not.
*Gra.* Fie, your sword vpon a woman?
*Em.* O thou dull Moore, that handkerchiefe thou spe
I found by fortune, and did giue my husband:
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He beg'd of me to steale it.
*Iag.* Villainous whore.
*Em.* She gaue it *Cassio*? no, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my husband.
*Iag.* Filth, thou liest.
*Em.* By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what should such a foole
Doe with so good a woman?
*The Moore runs at* Iago. Iago *kills his wife.*
*Oth.* Are there no stones in heauen,
But what serues for the thunder? pernitious villaine.
*Gra.* The woman falls, sure he has kild his wife.
*Em.* I, I, O lay me by my mistresse side. *Exit* Iago
*Gra.* Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.
*Mon.* Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore: